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#32

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WHO IS DEAD-POOL?

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WOODS
PEPOY

TRAY IS DYING TO FIND OUT!

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FOR A SECOND, I'M NOT THERE... AND THEN I'M EVERYWHERE...

SEEING THINGS...

PAT
CRAZ

HEARING THINGS...

THAT I KNOW ARE NOT FOR ME...

THAT I KNOW ARE ME.

THINGS THAT WILL SURELY HAPPEN...

TRUTH...

AND THEN IT'S OVER... AND I FORGET IT ALL... ONE NIGHTMARE VISION REPLACED BY ANOTHER...

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AND I SEE THE MAN WHO KILLED ME... FIGHTING THE MAN I LOVE.

I SMELL SHISHKEBAB!

GUESS WHICH *YOU* ARE, FROSTY... THE *MEAT* OR THE *STICK*?

WO IN HIMMEL *ARE* WE, MERCEDES?

HOME, ILANEY...

WHERE I WAS *KILLED*.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

I'M NOT SO AS ME YOU THINK I AM...

OR THE MIDDLE OF THE END...

A KELLY/WOODS/SHELANDER/BLANCHARD
COMICRAFT/DIAZ/HARRAS STEW

PLAYING IT STRONG AND *SILENT* FOR A CHANGE, *T-RAY?* GOOD. YOU'RE A *WEAK* CONVERSATIONALIST, NOT TO MENTION A *HIDEOUS* PARTY PLANNER.

DID I GET A HAND EMBROIDERED INVITE TO THIS SOIREE? *NOOOO!* YOU *YANK* ME AND THE MISSUS OUT OF A *TELEPORT BEAM* WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A *"BE MY GUEST"* --

-- AND DUMP US BACK HERE AT *MY* OL' HOMESTEAD, WHICH I GUESS WAS SUPPOSED TO MESS WITH MY *HEAD*...

...BUT IF IT WERE AS SIMPLE AS *THAT*, T-TOP, I'D HAVE BEEN *SCRAMBLED EGGS* --

-- WHEN YOU BROUGHT MY HONEY BACK FROM THE *GRAVE.*

WHICH WAS *THOUGHTFUL* OF YOU, CONSIDERING I DIDN'T HAVE A *DATE*... BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE UP FOR YOUR BIGGEST PARTY *FAUX PAS*...

KRABLAMM

...IT'S EXTREMELY *RUDE* TO SPRAY YOUR *INTESTINES* ALL OVER THE SCENERY --

-- *BEFORE* YOU'VE SERVED *APPETIZERS.*

SEEING HIM LIKE THIS... THE SHEER BRUTALITY. THE HATRED. SO FAR FROM THE MAN I MARRIED... I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE WORLD.

YOU SHOW HIM WHO'S BOSS... *BOSS.*

UH... WE'VE *SECRETLY* REPLACED THE SPLEEN AND OTHER *SWEETMEATS* YOU'D NORMALLY SEE OOZING VITAL BODILY FLUID WITH...

...*DIRT* AND *MAGGOTS.*

WHAT GIVES, T-RAY...? YOU ON THAT NEW *RICHARD SIMMONS DIAL A DIET* THING?

JUST WANTED TO GIVE YOU...

...A SUITABLE... *WELCOME...*

OH... OF *COURSE*... I *KNEW* THAT.

EXCUSE ME, HERR DEADPOOL... *LOOK.*

OF ALL THE *LOW BUDGET*, HACKNEYED, LAST SEASON OF *MCGYVER-ESQUE*, PLOT POINTS...

...WE DID THIS GAG *LAST YEAR!*

THAT... WADE, THAT'S *US*...

YOU? WOW...

DEADPOOL, YOU WERE A *CUTIE!*

GUESS WHAT, MOUSEKETEERS, WE'RE ON THE *CRACKED OUT* VERSION OF *"THIS IS YOUR LIFE"* —

DEAR LORD... IS HE *DEAD?*

HE... HE'S NOT MOVING... I -- *WATER...* AND *HE* --

WHERE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO RELIVE THE *HORROR* OF T-RAY DOING A TAP DANCE ON OUR *INNOCENCE* AND KICKING THE *SNOT* OUT OF ME AND —

-- WELL, YOU *KNOW* WHAT HE DID TO *YOU*...

BUT *WHY?*

"TO DRIVE US *INSANE... AGAIN...* AND BECAUSE THE SICK S.O.B. THINKS IT'S *COMEDY GOLD.*

OH MY *HEAVENS* --

-- HE'S STILL *BREATHING!*

PULL!

I USED TO SAY *"HEAVENS"?* *JEEPERS,* WAS I LAME...

NO *WAY* AM I WATCHING THE REST.

HEY! YOO-HOO! *HIPPIES!* HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A *HORROR FLICK?!* THAT'S A *MURDERER!*

YOU *DON'T* DREDGE HIM OUT OF A FROZEN LAKE!

YOU PUT AN *AXE* THROUGH HIS STINKIN' *HEAD!*

WADE, *WAIT!* DON'T LEAVE US!

I'M TALKING TO *YOU*, TREE HUGGERS!

DROP THE *ALBINO*, OR I'LL *KNEECAP* YOU!

DO YOU THINK HE'LL *MAKE* IT?

WE CAN ONLY *PRAY* --

PRAY?! DON'T *PRAY* FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT MORE *BULLETS*, YOU *IDIOT!*

KRAKKA-KRAKKA

HE'S EVERY *BAD DREAM* YOU'VE EVER HAD SUCKED OUT OF YOUR EAR WITH A STRAW AND GIVEN *FORM!*

AND IF HE KILLS YOUR *WIFE* --

IT'S YOUR *OWN* STUPID FAULT!

IT'S *MY FAULT!*

MY FAULT!

...

OKAY, *CLEANSING BREATH.*

...

BETTER. THAT PROBABLY DIDN'T DO MUCH SEEING AS HOW... WE'RE...

GHOSTS...?

GEEZ, WHO DOES T-RAY HAVE BUILDING HIS *FLASHBACKS?*

COUPLE OF COLLEGE KIDS WITH AN *AMIGA* AND A *LIBRARY CARD?*

I'VE SEEN BETTER SPECIAL EFFECTS ON AN EPISODE OF *NIGHTMAN*... HAVEN'T YOU, *GIRLS?*

GIRLS?

AW, *SHOOT.*

STAY CLOSE TO ME, MISS...

I CAN BARELY HEAR HER...

...MY MIND ADJUSTING TO THIS WORLD, THIS STRANGENESS...

...THIS SOMETHING THAT FEELS SO...

AAAAH!

FEELS SO RIGHT?

HELLO, MERCEDES.

HE'S IN MY MIND. HE'S EVERYWHERE. BUT ALL I CAN THINK OF IS...

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THE MAN WHO KILLED YOU?

MERCEDES! GET BEHIND --

WAA!

SILENCE, BLOAT.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO WADE?

YOU'LL SEE YOUR KNIGHT IN TARNISHED ARMOR SOON ENOUGH, WHEN THE SPORT BEGINS... BUT FIRST...

SNAKES? HA! I EAT SNAKES MIT MUSTARD, YOU --

FRAULEIN...

SON OF A MMLF--

SHUT YOUR HOLE. LISTEN...

...YOU'RE IN MY HOME. HERE I CAN TEAR YOUR BELLY OPEN WITH A THOUGHT OR PEEL BITS OF YOU AWAY WITH A WHISPER...

BUT I *WON'T*. IF YOU LEAVE *NOW*.

THAT'S *MY HOUSE!*

THIS THING BETWEEN MERCEDES, WILSON, AND MYSELF, IS... A *FAMILY AFFAIR*. YOUR BEING HERE *SOILS* IT.

THINK *QUICKLY*. THINK *CLEARLY*, AND DON'T LET EMPTY WORDS LIKE "*LOYALTY*" CLOUD YOUR JUDGEMENT.

DEADPOOL WOULDN'T STAY TO HELP *YOU*.

BELIEVE ME. I'VE *KNOWN* HIM LONGER.

THAT'S NOT TRUE... DEADPOOL --

ILANEY, *PLEASE*... THERE'S BEEN *TOO MUCH PAIN* ALREADY...

FOR GOD'S SAKE, PLEASE *GO* WHILE YOU CAN.

...

BEFORE I MEET DEADPOOL... MY LIFE IS *NOTHING*. LONELINESS. THINKING OF *SUICIDE*. JUST GUILT AND *PAIN*.

BUT THAT *MANIAC* THOUGHT ENOUGH OF ME TO *SAVE* MY LIFE. MY *WORTHLESS*, PATHETIC LIFE...

'LANEY... NO...

I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT DEBT. SO YOU CAN TAKE YOUR COWARDLY OFFER, HERR T-RAY... AND *SHOVE IT!*

...

THIS LITTLE PIGGIE WENT TO *MARKET*... THIS LITTLE PIGGIE STAYED *HOME*...

THIS LITTLE PIGGIE WENT *MAD* FROM THE SOUND OF HER OWN *SCREAMS.*

SHE'S ALL *YOURS,* BOYS.

MERCEDES! *TELL* DEADPOOL -- TELL HIM I *TRIED!*

OH MEIN GOTT!

ILANEY!

TELL HIM I *DIDN'T* GIVE UP! TELL HIM --

CHOMMP CHOMMP

NO! NOOO!

SHE HAD A *CHOICE.* SHE *BLEW* IT.

WHY...? WHY...?

BUT DON'T *DESPAIR,* MERCEDES... PIGGY'S *NOT DEAD.* NOT *YET* ANYWAY.

THEN WHERE *IS* SHE?

YOU'LL KNOW *SOON...* BUT NOW, LET'S TUNE IN TO YOUR *"HERO..."*

WADE?

HUMAN NATURE. YOU'D BE *AMAZED* HOW OFTEN SOMEONE THROWS HER LIFE AWAY FOR PRIDE, LOVE, *MONEY...* EVENTUALLY, YOU GET *NUMB* TO IT.

...STUPID WAND WAVIN' *RABBIT*, YANKING HOCUS- POCUS LANCE BURTON *WANNABE*, SPF 1000 WARING *ALBINO* SORCERER STAYIN' UP LATE WATCHIN' *FANTASY ISLAND* RERUNS CAUSE YOU'RE SO *UNINSPIRED* YOU NEED HELP FROM *NICK AT NITE* TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO TAKE ME *OUT* --

WHERE ARE YOU, YOU *WALKING SKID-MARK?!*

NO NEED TO *SHOUT*, PUP. I'M *EVERY-WHERE.*

OF COURSE... I THOUGHT I PASSED A SIGN THAT SAID, "*FISH-BELLY FABIO* THIS WAY..."

YOU EVEN GOT THE *BROKEN NOSE* PART RIGHT. WHAT A *CRAFTSMAN.*

YOU'RE *MEAT.*

OHHH NO, MR. *MUMMENCHANZ*, NOT *THIS* TIME...

I'M NOT GONNA GET MY *COCONUTS* ALL IN A TWIST AND TAKE A *SWING* AT YOU JUST SO YOU CAN TURN INTO A PILE OF *CIRCUS MIDGETS* AND D!SAPPEAR!

YOU TAKE THE F!RST --

SLRRK

HE *BWOKE* MY *NOOE*... GWEGG BWOKE MY NOOE... *AWICE*, PULL AWAY FR'M SAM DUH *BUTCHER* AND GWAB ME AN ICE *PACK*...

MAGICIANS *NEVER* PERFORM THE SAME TRICKS MORE THAN ONCE.

NOW PICK UP *STICKS*, AND LET'S *ROCK*. I'M READY TO *END* THIS.

CHOOS YER WEAPON

RE-HEE-HEE-ALLY? SOMEONE CUE MISTER WILLIAMS TO HIT IT WITH THAT OMINOUS "JAR JAR'S IGNOBLE END" THEME MUSIC...

T-RAY'S READY TO GET SERIOUS.

BUT BEFORE THE WHISTLE BLOWS, YOU PASTY FACED FREAKSHOW...

IF YOU'VE HARMED ONE EYEBROW HAIR ON THAT WOMAN OF MINE...

SLAP

THEY'LL WRITE TEXT-BOOKS ON WHAT I DO TO YOU.

NOW THOSE ARE THE WORDS OF A MAN WITH CONVICTION.

MARCO.

POLO.

SO, SERIOUSLY, NOT THAT I WANT TO *TRAMPLE* YOUR DR. *STRANGE* MEETS *ARCADE* RIFF HERE --

BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY WIFE?

WHOMP

COME ON, WILSON, THE GAME HAS JUST *STARTED* —

AND I HAVE *SO* MUCH PLAY TIME PLANNED FOR US.

GOODIE. DON'T FORGET "*IMPALE THE JACKASS*". THAT'S MY *FAVORITE*.

MAGIC SHIELD? PRETTY SNEAKY, SIS...

FTANGG

HISTORY NEEDS TO PLAY ITSELF OUT. THE CRESCENDO OF *BATTLE* MATCHING *REALIZATION* --

AREN'T YOU THE *LEAST* BIT CURIOUS WHY EVENTS HAVE UNFOLDED THE WAY THEY HAVE, *WILSON* --?

NO. LESS TALKING. MORE BLEEDING.

— WHY I WENT THROUGH THE *TROUBLE*...? WHY I WAITED UNTIL *NOW* TO RETURN?

WHY YOU'VE *NEVER* CHANGED THAT *FILTHY* BAND-AID? NO, NOT *REALLY*... *SHOULD* I?

YOU SHOULD... JUST AS YOU *SURELY* SHOULD RECOGNIZE *THIS* PLACE.

GO ON, *STRETCH* THAT MELTED SWISS CHEESE YOU CALL A MIND...

LEVELS ON LEVELS... I KNOW SOMETHING IS HAPPENING WITH PARTS OF ME I NEVER KNEW EXISTED...

UH... THE SET FOR BEACH BLANKET BLOOOBATH? NO?

SKUNK

OKAY, I GIVE UP -- WHERE IS MERCEDES?

BUT IT'S IN A LANGUAGE I CAN'T UNDERSTAND

STILL... SOMETHING ABOUT THE SMELL OF THIS PLACE.

HEY, NO SHOUTING! PARK RULES... MANAPUA BEACHHEAD IS FOR LOVERS.

THAT HORRIBLE MAN... FAMILIAR.

DUDE, I THINK YOUR BAND-AID IS CUTTING OFF OXYGEN TO YOUR BRAIN... WHAT ARE YOU BLABBING ABOUT --?

THIS IS WHERE YOU AND THE LITTLE WOMAN SPENT YOUR HONEYMOON.

OH.

[redacted] YOU SWORE YOU'D LOVE HER UNTIL HAWAII FROZE OVER... ...DO YOU REMEMBER?

SURE, WHAT-EVER.

YES, OF COURSE --

HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT? I JUST REALIZED HOW WE COULD SPEED UP YOUR LITTLE WALKING TOUR DOWN MEMORY LANE --

CUT OUT THE *WALKING* PART.

SKZT

KYAGAAK!!

I'M READY TO CHANGE *CHANNELS* NOW, T-RAY! SAY GOODNIGHT TO *TWILIGHT ZONE* --

AND GOD *HELP* ME FOR SUCH A REFERENCE.

I WANT *MERCEDES!*

OF *COURSE* YOU DO... YOU *LOVE* HER...

WITH EVERY LAST SHRED OF YOUR *FESTERING* LITTLE HEART. *ANGELS* AND *CUPIDS* AND *PINK* PRETTY LOVE.

UNLESS YOU'RE *FAKING* THE WHOLE THING --

SHUT YOUR HOLE, *PUSROT!* OF *COURSE* I LOVE HER! I'VE NEVER KNOWN ANYTHING SO *REAL* IN MY WHOLE *STUPID* LIFE!

THAT'S WHY NO MATTER *WHAT* YOU THROW AT ME -- NO MATTER WHAT *HOUSE OF HORRORS* YOU *SHOVE* ME THROUGH -- I *WILL* SURVIVE --

FWAK

I WILL GET HER *BACK*, NO MATTER *WHAT!*

WORDS SAY *NOTHING*. *PROVE* IT... *"WADE"*...

...

DON'T YOU *HATE* IT WHEN THE PSYCHOPATH HAS THE REMOTE..? WHICH PIC ARE WE TRAPPED IN *NOW?*

HMMM... TORA TORA TORA..? *AIRPLANE..?* I HOPE IT'S *NOT* AIR FORCE ONE ... THAT GLENN CLOSE... *CREEPY* --

WHOA!

WHO'D YOU HIRE TO *FLY* THIS CRATE, T-RAY?

*SSSS

'SCUSE ME, *PARDON* ME, *TORTURED SOUL* COMING THROUGH --

WHOFF!

STICK THE PITCHFORK SOMEWHERE *ELSE*, AMERICAN GOTHIC! *ILANEY! ILANEY!*

<<TRIANGULATING OUR POSITION... COLONEL, I... I CAN'T HOLD HER!>>

SHE'S *DERF* TO YOU, WILSON.

YOU DON'T *EXIST* HERE. THIS IS *ILANEY'S* OWN PRIVATE HELL... THE *ACCIDENT* THAT CHANGED HER LIFE.

I'VE HEARD OF SOME *HARSH* STUFF IN MY TIME, T-SQUARE... BUT THAT'S JUST *COLD*.

DREAM... *MUST* BE... W-*WADE*... WADE, WHAT'S HAPPENING --

YOU BROUGHT ILANEY INTO THIS LIFE, AND [redacted] *RESPONSIBLE* FOR HER, MUCH IN THE SAME WAY I BROUGHT *MERCEDES* BACK FROM THE DEAD.

IT [redacted] YOUR *BLOOD DUTY* TO *CARE* FOR HER. GIVE MERCEDES TO *ME*... AND I'LL *RELEASE* ILANEY. OTHERWISE --

SHE AND *EVERY-ONE* ON THIS PLANE WILL DIE OVER AND OVER AND *OVER*...

WADE, DEAR GOD... WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? WHERE'S MERCEDES --

T-RAY, DO ME A FAVOR. I'LL *PLAY* YOUR STUPID GAMES --

AND PRINCE THAT I AM... I LOOPED IT FOR HER. AS I LIVE, IT WILL BE REPEATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN... UNLESS YOU STOP IT.

BUT KEEP THE ANNOYING GUILT INDUCING *EXTRAS* TO A *MINIMUM*, 'KAY?

SWATT

WADE! THAT'S MY *MOTHER!*

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE *DOING* --?

GLOOP

YOUR *LOVING* PARENTS... HERE, IN A *NIGHT-MARE...*

AND HE *DOESN'T RECOGNIZE* THEM. I THOUGHT YOU WERE *CLOSE...*

WE ARE — WE *WERE...*

CHOOSE, COWBOY. THE IRON MAIDEN IS ABOUT TO GO *SPLAT.*

...

<<DEADPOOL? WHA --? OH, GOD... DEADPOOL, I'M STUCK... THIS... THIS *DREAM* IS MY *ACCIDENT* — THIS...

<<DEADPOOL, PLEASE... IT WASN'T MY FAULT. I... I CAN'T GO THROUGH THIS AGAIN... THE SCREAMS... THE SMELL...?>>

<<PLEASE!?>>

<<HELP ME!?>>

...

I'M GOING TO FEED YOU YOUR OWN LIVER THROUGH A *STRAW* FOR THIS... YOU *SADISTIC* SON OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE!

KA NG

NOOOOO!

<<TOWER... BRUKNER HERE... THIS...>>

<<THIS DOESN'T LOOK GOOD...>>

KTASHH

IT'S A FREAKIN' GIFT...

ANOTHER SPIRIT *CRIPPLED*, EH, WILSON? MUST BE SECOND *NATURE* BY NOW.

OH, I DID, *THAT'S* RIGHT... VILE *T-RAY* CREPT UP OUT OF THE ICE COLD RIVER AND *BUTCHERED* YOUR WIFE... *DESTROYED* YOUR LIFE --

MADE YOU INTO SUCH A *HATE-FUL* CREATURE THAT YEARS LATER... WHEN YOU DISCOVERED WE WERE WORKING *TOGETHER* AT *HELL-HOUSE* --

YOU DIDN'T EVEN SHOOT ME A *DIRTY LOOK*. YOU CRACKED *JOKES* ABOUT IT.

HOW MANY LIVES *HAVE* YOU RU'NED, DEADPOOL? CAN YOU *REMEMBER*? DO YOU KNOW WHEN IT *STARTED*?

OF *COURSE* I DO, YOU *MISERABLE* WALKING THALIDOMIDE BABY! HOW DARE YOU GET *RIGHTEOUS* ON ME, WHEN YOU'RE THE ONE WHO *STARTED* ALL OF THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE?!

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GOT *NOTHING* LEFT TO *LIVE* FOR...

BUT I'M *NOT* THAT GUY ANYMORE, T-RAY. I *DO* CARE NOW... AND SO HELP ME --

YOU WILL *NOT* TAKE MY LIFE FROM ME *AGAIN*.

HOW WOULD YOU MIND *HOCUS-POCUS'IN* UP SOME *GROUND*, SO I CAN PROCEED WITH TEARING OUT YOUR LYMPH NODES THROUGH YOUR *TEAR DUCTS*?

AS YOU WISH...

SWAP

SIGH

IF I WASN'T SO GOD-AWFUL *TICKED OFF* RIGHT NOW... THIS WOULD BE THE *PERFECT* OPPORTUNITY FOR MY "YOUNG JIM CARREY" SCHTICK.

I TAKE IT THE SPLOOSHE-FOUNTAIN-SHOULDER POPPIE GAG WASN'T JUST FOR COMEDY RELIEF?

I DON'T DO *ANYTHING* FOR COMEDY, "WADE"...

OPEN YOUR *EYES*. YOU KNOW THIS PLACE *INTIMATE-LY*...

THE FAINT ECHO OF WEDDING BELLS BEGIN *HERE*, WHERE YOU AND THE MRS. FIRST *MET* --

AH-HA! *HA!* AND *TRIPLE* HA!

YOU SHOULD HAVE QUIT WHILE YOU WERE JUST *SICK IN THE HEAD*, YOU *DISCOUNT* MISTER *ROARKE* -- I KNOW FOR A *FACT* THIS IS NOT WHERE MERCEDES AND I MET!

REALLY? SO... *HOW* DID WE MEET, THEN?

HOW DID WE MEET, *WADE?*

MERCEDES?!

RUN, ANGEL! BEFORE HE --

WADE... WHERE DID WE MEET?

I UH -- LOOK, HON, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO PLAY THE ***NEWLYWED GAME*** RIGHT NOW --

THERE'S WALKING TANK OF ***WHITEOUT*** WHO I NEED TO ***KILL*** FOR YOU FIRST, ***'KAY?***

SWAP

WADE... THIS IS ***CALGARY...*** WE HAD A ***PHILOSOPHY*** CLASS TOGETHER...

*THEN... THAT **FEELING** AGAIN... RECOGNITION... **TRUTH** SURFACING THROUGH **BLOOD.***

*YOU LIKED "NO EXIT", I **HATED** IT... DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, REALLY. I THREATENED TO THROW IT IN THE **FOUNTAIN**... JUST SO YOU WOULD GRAB MY HAND...*

HEY, KID, LOOK, I'M ***SORRY,*** BUT IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, MY ***BRAIN-WATTAGE*** IS FOCUSED ON ***NOT*** BEING ***EVISCERATED*** RIGHT NOW --

SO FORGIVE ME IF I'M A LITTLE ***SLOW*** ON THE ***KODAK MOMENTS*** --

THOSE ***PEOPLE*** ON THE PLANE... MY ***PARENTS.*** WE SAW THEM EVERY WEEKEND FOR ***THREE YEARS***... WHY DIDN'T YOU KNOW THEM ***EITHER*** --?

ISN'T IT *OBVIOUS*, MERCEDES --?

PLUG THAT *SUCK-HOLE*, T-RAY! THE LADY ISN'T TALKING TO *YOU!*

HE NEVER MET THEM.

HE'S JUST TRYING TO *TRICK* US, ANGEL! DON'T *LISTEN* -- HNNGH.

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE HERE PERPETRATING A *"TRICK"*, WILSON... AND IT'S BEEN ON *YOURSELF*...

EVEN *YOU* MUST REALIZE IT BY NOW... YOUR *LACK* OF MEMORIES WITH MERCEDES.

THE *CONVENIENT* WAY HER DEATH WAS THE ONLY CATALYST FOR YOUR *"DESCENT"* INTO DARK-NESS.

FZASHH

YEAARH!

HAVEN'T YOU EVER WONDERED WHY I CHOSE NOW TO TORTURE YOU, WHEN YOU WERE DOING SUCH A GOOD JOB OF *DESTROYING* YOUR LIFE *WITHOUT* MY HELP..?

P-PROCRASTINATION..?

TELL HIM.

...

OUR *ANNIVERSARY. TODAY*... I FORGOT... BUT --

YES... *"YOUR* ANNIVERSARY"... DO YOU *GET* IT, YET, WILSON?

THE REASON YOU *DON'T* REMEMBER THE MOST *BASIC* THINGS ABOUT YOUR MARRIAGE —

THE REASON YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR *IN-LAWS*... YOUR *ANNIVERSARY*...

IS BECAUSE THEY AREN'T YOUR MEMORIES TO HAVE.

WHA —? BACK AT THE HOUSE... MAINE... WHY —?

THOSE MEMORIES BELONG TO WADE WILSON...

THEY BELONG TO ME.

OH MY GOD... THAT'S NOT *T-RAY* BEING PULLED OUT OF THE RIVER... IT'S *ME*...

NEXT: THE END OF THE END.

DEADPOOL-DEADPOOL-DEADPOOL-